

Marion's Memorial
TO THE GREAT HERO!
A LARGE ASSEMBLAGE OF PEOPLE
UNITED IN PAYING A
TRIBUTE TO THE HON-
ORED DEAD!

A Full and Complete Report of
Saturday's Proceedings.

In accordance with the populace of this
city and the sentimentality of Marion paid
its tribute to the illustrious
dead. Under the working manage-
ment of Mrs. Hall the service was
intelligently directed and hoped for the
outcome. At the hour announced for the
service, all available space was
filled and when the exercises were
concluded the beautiful singing
of "Beulah" and the weeping
of a thousand people were
present. This was followed by the short
but enthusiastic address

ADDRESS OF CHAIRMAN FISHER.

LETTER CITIZENS. It is unnecessary
to announce the cause which has
brought together this large assembly
of the people to pay a tribute to
the noblest of our countrymen. It is
a tribute to a man whose name is
known to every heart and whose
deeds are a part of our history.

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The resolutions prepared were then
read and adopted as follows:

Resolved That we do mourn the loss of the
most heroic of our countrymen, who
gave us the example of a life of
self-sacrifice and of a death of
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sad hearts of the millions all unite in
declaring in mournful tones that "our
Grant is dead"

"He sleeps his last sleep,
He has fought his last battle,
No sound shall awake him to glory again"

No more shall the bugle call rouse him
from slumber, nor shall his voice be
heard in war, commanding the thousands
to prepare for battle and cheering them
on to conflict and on to victory. With
him the battles have been fought, the
tossing marches over, and he has gone
where the clanking sabers and roaring
musketry are heard no more. But what
means this universal gathering of people
to this great nation? Why do we speak
and why do others hear? Who is to be
benefitted by these ceremonies? Surely
not the great hero of so many battles,
so oft praised and honored by the world.
He needs not now the honors we may
give. Truly we can not affect the state
of the dead, therefore in silence we may
leave the silent hero with his God. And
yet if these gatherings are of no benefit
to anybody, it would have been better
had we remained in silence and at our
homes. But they will be of use to our
selves and children and to the genera-
tions yet to come. But this respect
which we pay to the great and illustrious
dead, the nation learns more and more to
respect and love its masters and rulers.
And surely U. S. Grant proved himself
both master and ruler in a very great de-
gree.

In this respect for rulers do we not
discover in our youth, as well as in the
older persons, a falling short of the scrip-
tural injunction for old Israel "Thou
shalt not revile the judges, nor curse the
ruler of thy people." Let the high po-
sition which these men are called to fill
be at least some safeguard to reputation,
then let the honorable position be filled
only by men of honor and undisputed
integrity. Then will both the office and
its officer hold the respect due from a
grateful people. The Creator is sovereign
and man subordinate, yet the Sovereign
has allowed man to form his own civil
governments and has endowed him with
the faculty of self government. But in
these human governments are arising
great emergencies, to be met by great
and mighty men. Our civil war was one
of these great emergencies, and U. S.
Grant one of these mighty, great men.
Such great men are raised up to meet
these great ends. The Bible is replete
with forcible illustrations of this fact—as
Joseph, Moses, Joshua, David, Solomon,
etc. But history more recent furnishes
examples of God's raising up great men
and developing them for and by great
occasions, as Washington, Lincoln and
Grant in the political world, and Luther,
Weesley and Calvin in the religious
world. When the occasion comes calling
for such master men they seem to flash
upon the world as a meteor from its
former hidings.

The venerable General Scott recognized
this truth, and early in the rebellion
said "I don't understand the war. I
never knew a war of this magnitude that
did not throw to the surface some great
general. We have splendid fighting, but
no damage has been done. Both armies
have drawn off in good order at the close
of a conflict, ready to begin next day.
Such fighting will be interminable.
Somebody must be destroyed. The ene-
my must be spoiled, his means of warfare
taken from him. I must make an excep-
tion of that young man out west. He
seems to know the art of damaging the
enemy and crippling him." That "young
man" was General Grant. He certainly
proved to be the "great general" which
General Scott expected the war would
develop.

The scriptures quoted at the beginning
of this address declare that a "mighty
man, a prince and a great man had fallen".
These were Sam and Abner. Their great-
ness consisted in their military skill and
bravery. They were men of war, but
great as they were in these respects in
other characteristics they were weak and
deficient. Saul departed from the land of
God, and through mean jealousy sought
the life of David. Misfortunes multi-
plied upon him and his sun went down
in gloom. Abner, reproved for unmanly
conduct, turned from his master's house,
joined the enemy and was killed by Job.

Here are important lessons. 1. Show-
ing us to what extremes of guilt and
ruin one may go who rebels against God
and is ruled by his own ambitions and
jealous passions. Because the women
said "Saul slew his thousands and David
his ten thousands," therefore Saul sought
the life of his best friend, David. 2.
Perfect true greatness is only obtained
by him who trusts God and obeys his
command. He who would now reach
the highest type of manhood and great-
ness must be lifted out of self and sin by
appropriating the sweetness, purity and
humility of the life of the blessed Christ,
who taught men how to live. A great-
ness not bearing this element must finally
perish. Yet, in the text, David briefly
declares that these men were mighty and
great. But behold a greater in our hero,
for instead of jealousy he insists that
Sherman, Sheridan and many others are
entitled to equal honors with himself in
the suppression of this great rebellion,
in the preservation of our glorious union.

Though imperfection may mark the hero
in many respects, yet in his character are
such elements that compel you—yes,
compel the world—to respect and receive
him, and the name of U. S. Grant will
go down in history alongside of that of
Napoleon and Washington—the great

statesman and the greater warrior.

Let us now trace this developing great-
ness. Grant before the war of the re-
bellion was then as unknown as any man,
and at the close of the war better known
than all men. In taking this proposed
view of this wonderful life we can only
perch upon a prominent point here and
there, and then fly to a yet higher point
to learn that vast fields he before us yet
unexplored, then finally return, feeling
conscious of having done the great gen-
eral an individual injustice. With refer-
ence to his not particularly conspicuous
boyhood I have nothing to say. In 1843
U. S. Grant, at the age of about 21,
graduated from the military academy at
West Point. As a student Grant was
methodical, thorough, but not brilliant.
He was thoroughly educated and drilled
in all that was essential for the warrior.
The young soldier was sent as a super-
numerary lieutenant to the frontiers of
the Missouri territory to watch the In-
dians. About two years he spent thus far
removed from the refining influence
of a civilized life.

We next find Grant as a commissioned
second lieutenant of infantry, under Scott
and Taylor, in the Mexican war, fighting
in every battle in this war save that of
Buena Vista, rising higher and higher in
the esteem of the government at every
opportunity where he could exhibit his
bravery and skill. At the close of this
conflict we find him on military duty at
Detroit, Mich., then in Oregon. Having
spent some fifteen years, in 1854 he
resigned his commission and turned his
attention to the attraction of a civil life.
He married a Miss Dent, of St. Louis,
Mo. He located on a farm not far from
that busy city, but the soldier soon dis-
covered that he was not born to be a
farmer, as here he proved a failure. In
1860 he formed a partnership with a
younger brother in the leather business.
His brother's practical acquaintance with
the business and his own industry and
energy gave them reasonable success, yet
neither farm nor store could call out the
great faculties with which U. S. Grant
was eminently endowed. Indeed, Grant
seemed to be less than the ordinary man
except in the services of his country.
He seemed to be born to be his country's
servant master. He never could forget
that he was a United States soldier—that
he had been educated under the patronage
of the stars and stripes. He ever held
himself willing and ready to go at his
country's call. Grant was quietly pur-
suing his business at Galena, his great
powers pent up and undeveloping, when
a flash of the news of the fall of Fort
Sumter came upon him, arousing him
as a lion from his lair, kindling his mili-
tary enthusiasm, firing his soul, awaken-
ing anew the ardor love of country, and
at once he determined to aid in maintain-
ing the unity, honor and greatness of
this glorious government, and like a true
patriot said, "Uncle Sam educated me for
the army, and though I have faithfully
served in one way I feel that I am still
a little in debt for my education, and I
am ready to discharge it and help put
down this rebellion."

This brings us to note two, Grant
during the war of the rebellion. Now
begins one of the grandest and most
successful military careers that the world
ever beheld. The opportunity and the
emergency were not lacking in greatness.
At the foundation lay the inspiration of
preserving the grandest, best govern-
ment under the sun. Our honor, insti-
tutions, homes and liberties, the roots of
which are nurtured by the blood of our
forefathers. These were jeopardized. Our
southern brethren had wickedly laid upon
them a ruthless, cruel hand. Shall these
glorious legacies, bequeathed to us, by
the officers and soldiers of the rebellion
be taken from us? Shall the honored
flag of our union be insulted, and that by
those sworn to maintain its honor? Shall
the sun of our republic be allowed to set
at noonday? No! No! No! It shall
not, cannot be, slouted the thousands of
loyal hearts, and here are our moneys,
our selves and our lives, we lay them on
our country's altar for our country's
good. Among the countless hosts of
this Israel there comes a young man,
not timid but modest, and like the shep-
herd boy—David—he defies the Goliaths
of the rebellion. He arises like a cloud,
—"The little cloud out of the sea, like a
man's hand." But this little cloud—
Grant—gathered as he moved forward,
by his attraction from the sea, the people,
until the heaven was black with clouds,
and he poured out upon the rebels a
storm of shot and shell which convinced
them that "there is a God in Israel."

Grant began his wondrous career by
raising a company of volunteers, aspiring
only to its captaincy. June 15th, 1861,
he was commissioned colonel of the 21st
regiment of Illinois, and August, 1861,
promoted to brigadier general. With
daring bravery he gained an important
victory in the capture of a fort at Bel-
mont, on the river below Cairo. With
his keen eye he saw that the three watery
avenues to the south were the Mississippi,
Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. The
rebels had these respectively barricaded
at Columbus, Ft. Henry and Ft. Donelson.
The military sagacity of Grant saw the
importance of the taking of these forts,
and he asked permission of General Hal-
leck to undertake the capture of Henry
and Donelson, who abruptly refused, but
afterward, through the persuasion of
Grant and Commodore Foote, the per-
mission was granted. Ft. Henry was
captured, and soon Donelson, too, was in

the hands of our soldiers. The victory
was won by a battle desperately fought.
The spirit and determination of Grant
may be read in the answer to Rebel Gen-
eral Buckner, who had sent proposals to
Grant to surrender, who sent back the
following reply. "No terms other than
an unconditional surrender can be ac-
cepted. I propose to move immediately
upon your works." No wonder that
General Scott made an exception of "that
young man out west." Grant was about
this time made major-general of volun-
teers, and from this time forth Generals
Grant and Sherman became a kind of
David and Joshua to the close of the
war. The absence of jealousies, their
warm friendship and mutual confidence,
as well as an abiding love of country, ce-
mented them as grand co-workers in the
suppressing of the most gigantic rebel-
lion known in history. The defeat at
Shiloh, as well as the victory at Pittsburg
Landing, tell awful tales of suffering and
hard fighting, but whether in defeat or
victory we find that General Grant was
the same intrepid and courageous soldier.

Now the confederate forces had con-
centrated in and about Vicksburg. The
nation watched with eagerness the move-
ments here. Who does not remember, or
has not read, of the long, weary struggle,
the digging of canals, and the soldiers in
the swamps of Vicksburg. The effort
to capture this stronghold was a
failure. Grievous complaints were urged
against Grant about this time, but he
silently endured and proceeded to execute
other well matured plans for the capture
of this wonderfully fortified point. Lin-
coln's response to the oft-repeated clamor
for the removal of General Grant was,
"I rather like the man, I think we'll try
him a little longer." A happy thought,
a wise conclusion. They tried him a
little longer and Vicksburg surrendered.
The planning of the campaign and the
capture of Vicksburg was one of the
grandest war achievements ever wit-
nessed. In a letter of congratulation to
General Grant, President Lincoln writes,
in referring to the plan of operation in
the capture of Vicksburg "I now wish
to make a personal acknowledgment that
you were right and I was wrong."

The entire military division of the
Mississippi was now under the control of
General Grant. All eyes now are look-
ing towards the great general. All hopes of
a successful termination of the bloody
strife centres in him as the matchless
leader of a successful army.
The army of the Cumberland was in a
feverish state, but by the ever watchful
Grant its wants are now supplied and it
is put in a condition for effective work.
Chattanooga is environed by the
heights of Missionary ridge and Lookout
Mountain, and these occupied by rebel
troops. Who does not remember the
conflict here? Some one has said of this
battle that the flashings of the guns and
the thunderings in the clouds reminded
the beholder of the awful scenes of
Sinai. Grant, aided by such men as
Sherman, Thomas, Howard, Hooker and
others, as well as the brave soldiers of
the ranks, a victory was won by the
Union army.

General Halleck regards the battle of
Chattanooga the greatest in history.
Grant seemed to anticipate every emer-
gency and was able to provide for it. The
whole battle seems to have been fought
over in his mind and he was rarely sur-
prised.
On February 4, 1864, Congress passed
a bill reviving in the army of the United
States the grade of lieutenant-general,
and authorizing the president to confer
that rank on the major-general most dis-
tinguished for courage skill and ability,
evidently understood to be General
Grant.
A letter from Sherman to Grant says
"You are now Washington's legitimate
successor and occupy a position of almost
dangerous elevation, but if you can con-
tinue, as heretofore, to be yourself, sim-
ple, honest and unpretending, you will
enjoy through life the respect and love
of friends and the homage of millions of
human beings, who will award to you a
large share in securing to them and their
descendants a government of law and
stability."

While General Grant was in Washing-
ton it is said that the ladies wished to
have a ball in connection with the grand
review of the army of the Potomac which
was about to take place. General Grant
fixed his eyes sadly on them, and in a
very deliberate way and tone of voice
said "This thing must be stopped. I
am not a cynic and enjoy rational pleas-
ures as well as any one else, but I would
ask you in all candor and gentleness if
this is a time for music, and dancing, and
rejoicing among officers in the army? Is
our country in a condition to call for such
things at present? Do army balls in-
spire our troops with courage in the
field? Do they soothe our sick and
wounded in the hospitals?" The ladies
acquiesced in the sense of the general.
General Grant planned one of the most
wonderful military campaigns. A series
of wisely planned and bravely fought
battles mark his success. He is so firm
in his convictions of the wisdom and
feasibility of his plans that he writes to
the government, closing with the words,
"I propose to fight it out on this line if
it takes all summer."

The battles of the Wilderness, Spott-
sylvania, North Anna, and Cold Harbor
were the hardest General Grant ever
fought. Grant before Richmond and
Sherman marching towards Atlanta,
were contending against the rebel Gen-
erals Lee and Johnson. In September
Sherman had reached Atlanta. He then
took up his march to the sea, and after-
wards writes to Lincoln "I beg to pre-
sent you, as a Christmas gift, the city of
Savannah, with a hundred and fifty
heavy guns and plenty of ammunition,
and also about twenty five thousand

bales of cotton.

On the 4th of April, 1865, the glad
tidings sounded throughout the land
"Richmond and Petersburg are ours." The
shout of victory rends the air. The war
is over, and General Grant is pro-
nounced the Washington of the confeder-
acy. Our country preserved, our liberties
guaranteed, and the republic once again
just and proud and honor of the nations.
Do we not well to meet, as this day we
do, to do honor to our departed hero,
who so gloriously and triumphantly led
the grandest army of the grandest men,
in the grandest cause that ever called
soldiers to arms and to war. The people
have read with gratification General
Grant's exalted opinion of General Lee
as commander. Grant's opinion of Lee
is happily supplemented by Lee's opinion
of Grant. This is now for the first
time given to the public by Dr. Swift
as coming from a member of Lee's staff.
In the presence of General Lee an officer
spoke slightly of General Grant. Gen-
eral Lee looked into the critic's eye
steadily, and said, "Sir, your opinion is
a very poor compliment to me. We all
thought Richmond, protected as it was
by our splendid fortifications, and de-
fended by our army of veterans could
not be taken. General Grant turned his
face to our capital, and never turned it
away until we had surrendered. Now, I
have carefully searched both ancient and
modern history, and have never found
Grant's superior as a general. I doubt
if his superior can be found in all his-
tory."

Now we notice, third, Grant the Pres-
ident. At the close of the war Grant
was the recipient of every honor the
grateful republic could bestow on him.
Even by special acts of Congress places
had been created in order that they
might be filled by him whom the people
delighted to honor.

What more? Saul asked what more
could David have saved the kingdom?
The highest position in the government,
so the people say. What more can we
give the hero of Appomattox besides the
presidency, so they decide that he shall
have this also. Therefore, on May 21,
1868, he was nominated by the Chicago
convention, on the first ballot, and no
voice dissenting he was elected in the
following fall, and renominated at Phila-
delphia June 5, 1872. He retired from
the highest position in the government
March 4, 1877, after eight years of ser-
vice in the presidential office.

Now the acts of President Grant, what
he did and what he failed to do, are
written in the book of the chronicles of
the presidents of the United States, and
President Grant sleeps with the fathers,
and we cherish his memory, for we
know that a great and mighty man has
fallen. And if we can be assured that
the hero of many battles and the hon-
ored general and president was himself
armed in the panoply of God, his helmet
on and his armour bright, then might
we sing of him—

"Fallen, as sets the sun at eve,
To rise in splendor where
His kindred luminaries shine,
Their heaven of bliss to share,
Beyond the stormy battlefield
He reigns in triumph now,
Sweeping a harp of wondrous song,
With glory on his brow."

Nothing but fidelity to the great Cap-
tain of our salvation, the Lord Jesus
Christ, the "King of Kings and Lord of
Lords," before whom we all shall stand
in the great and final day, and the love
for the souls of the living, nothing save
this could induce me to mar the beauti-
ful picture of the song or cast the least
shadow of a doubt concerning the eter-
nal bliss of all who have passed from
the shores of time, by the intimation
that more than statesmanship or military
greatness on the field of strife and blood
is necessary to secure the crown of glory
and the palms of victory.

Of our Divine Commander, the Revo-
lution says "Blessed are they who do
his commandments, that they may have
right to the tree of life and enter through
the gates into the city."
It is not enough to be able and author-
ized to give command, but must our-
selves obey lovingly and cheerfully the
orders of him whose right it is to rule.
But we are not yet done with the earth
life of him whose death we mourn. He
seemed to be a man for the whole world,
and ere he closed the labors of life it
seemed fitting that the world should be
permitted to look upon the man whom
they delighted to honor.

Fourth, Grant the tourist. What shall
we say more of the honored dead? Time
would fail us to tell of the honors con-
ferred on him as he made his famous
tour around the world. How can I tell
you of his reception by kings and queens,
lords and people, in England, Belgium,
Switzerland, Scotland, France, Italy,
Egypt, Holland, Holland, Germany,
Spain, Portugal, Ireland, India, Siam,
China, Japan, and on his return in cities
of his own native land? Ovation after
ovation, each vying with the other to
do the great general the most honor.
Truly may we say, "A mighty man has
fallen."

Fifth, Grant's last battle and final
voyage. Many enemies had the hero
attacked and conquered. Now the last
enemy, Death, makes the attack upon
the conqueror. During the protracted
surgery the general fought bravely and
held the fort, but finally his bones broke,
his forces gave way, and General Grant
for once becomes the captive, with no
possibility for a retreat, and falls a pris-
oner in the hands of the enemy. But
the same silent bravery and courage
mark the general's every day battles.
In the midst of defeat he prosecutes his
plans, and without murmur or complaint
he suffers as patiently and heroically as
he had fought in the Wilderness, around
Vicksburg or Richmond.

He gracefully surrenders. On the 23rd
day of July, 1885, General Grant grace-
fully and unconditionally surrenders
himself and sword of battle to the last
enemy. Did we say that our hero is a
captive in the hands of death, and with-
out possibility of retreat? This is but a
partial truth. True, all that was mortal
and could die, the body, was a captive

and there was no discharge in this war,
nor was retreat possible, but the real
man, the true Grant, the spirit, Death
could not hold as captive. Therefore we
leave the body with its victor, and in
fancy pursue the spirit of the illustrious
soldier in his last voyage.

GRANT AND THE BIBLE—A CENTENNIAL
MESSAGE.

WASHINGTON, June 6th, 1876.

To the Editor of the Sunday School Times, Phila-
delphia.
Your favor of yesterday, asking a message from
me to the children and youth of the United States,
to accompany your centennial number, is this
moment received. My address to Sunday schools,
no matter what their denomination, is held fast
to the Bible as the sheet anchor of your liberties.
Write its precepts in your hearts and practice
them in your lives. To the influence of this book
we are indebted for all the progress made in true
civilization, and to this we must look as our guide
in the future. "Lightness exalteth a nation,
but sin is a reproach to any people." Yours re-
spectfully,
U. S. GRANT.

Many have been the counsels given
and orders issued by the general on the
battlefield and in the presidential office
looking toward the good of the country,
but never did he give counsels or orders
fraught with such present and eternal
interests, if heeded and obeyed, as are
found in the noble utterances. The re-
sult, if obeyed, would be glorious, the
suppression of all rebellion against God,
humanity and right, evil destroyed,
hosts subdued, law and order preserved,
peace and prosperity restored, God hon-
ored, man blest and the world saved.

This order comprehends two things.
First, Know what the Bible says. Sec-
ond, Do what it requires. Or may be
stated thus, "Love to God and to man."
"Render unto Caesar the things that
are Caesar's," and to God the things that
are God's," or our civil and religious
duty. The former consists in loyalty,
fidelity to civil government, law abiding,
honest support of the government in its
efforts to meet all the wants of its citi-
zens, both physical and intellectual,
moral and religious. Yes, let these be
written on our hearts and practiced in
our lives, then rebellion and war would
be impossible. Religious duty implies
our obligations to God's spiritual gov-
ernment. Honor and obey the king,
Jesus, and thus become a citizen of the
kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. Ob-
serve all those precepts touching per-
sonal character, as "whatsoever things
are true, honest, pure, just, lovely and
of good report." Let all these be writ-
ten on your hearts and practiced in your
lives. Then are you surely prepared for
the final voyage.

If General Grant had served his God
as faithfully as he did his country—if as
loyal to God as to Caesar, man may be
sure "all is well." On the voyage of
life we will meet with tossing waves and
contrary winds, and feel the danger of
shipwreck, then remember "the Bible is
our sheet anchor," our last refuge for
safety. Hold on to it. When in the
final storm, when all is dark and friends
forsake, and death has conquered, then
let me have my "sheet anchor" to press
to my joyful heart. You may take all
away, let me die alone, with the rock for
my pillow, in a foreign land, racked by
pain, anything, but, oh! leave me the
rich consolations of my "sheet anchor."
Let it cheer me then, as it surely will.

"I dreamed of the land of the pure and bright,
The city of God, the saint's delight,
And the saints of all ages and the children were
there."

This city of God and that home to spare.
I dreamed that the trials of life were over,
And the saints were walking the golden shore,
Where they ate of the fruit of the evergreen tree,
O, beautiful, beautiful dream to me.

I dreamed that I saw them in robes of white,
With crowns on their brow of golden light,
I looked as they wandered life a river alone,
I listened and heard a most beautiful song.

"Oh! that beautiful dream, oh! that
beautiful dream, shall I those children
see or shall it be only a dream."

Let me now close by enforcing the
wise counsel of our honored dead
"Hold fast to the Bible as your sheet
anchor. Write its precepts on your
heart and practice them in your lives,"
then may your voyage be safe and pleas-
ant, and as we draw near to the other
shore, and we long for the loved ones
gone before, and we list to hear their
notes of joy. When nearing that
heavenly land, "that better country,"
"that home of the soul," "the sunlight
clime," our hearts of faith may sing

Lead on! 'Tis fruits are waving
O'er the hills and fabled green,
And the living waters laving
Shores where heavenly forms are seen
Onward, back to the captain's dwelling,
See the blessed wave their hands
Hear the harp of God resounding
From the bright immortal bands
Now we're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past,
Praise the Lord of our salvation,
We are safe at home at last.

Locks and storms we'll fear no more
When on that eternal shore,
Drop the anchor, furl the sails,
We're safe at home within the vale.

Music followed by the choir when the
following addresses were delivered in
the order they come below.

ADDRESS BY REV. GRESHAM LEASE

We say in our Declaration of Indepen-
dence that life, liberty and the pursuit of
happiness are inalienable rights. So civil
liberty, or citizenship under a free consti-
tution is a birthright—that is—it is an
inheritance to which men are born.

There are some privileges that are ac-
quired but not so with civil liberty. It
inherits in the very nature of the civil con-
stitution. The civil compact throws its
protection over the citizen from the mo-
ment of his birth. It protects him in his
person, his property, and in his rights and
privileges. No citizen so young or so
weak, but that all the power of the civil
constitution is pledged for his protection
and welfare.

To the ancient Roman the claim "I am
a Roman citizen" was his protection at
home and abroad by land and by sea. So
our constitution guarantees protection
not only at home but to all peaceable citi-
zens everywhere. Mountains and seas
are no barriers to its protection. The
traveler sleeps as securely under the pro-
tection of the "stars and stripes" in for-
eign lands as at home. "I am an Amer-
ican citizen" is a claim that has to be re-
spected through the civilized world.

In consideration of this guarantee the
individual citizen owes allegiance to the
civil compact. It becomes his duty in
him to be under obedience to all its right-
ful and reasonable requirements—the laws
[Continued on page 2.]

DUST TO DUST.

A Nation's Tears Bedew the Tomb of Grant.

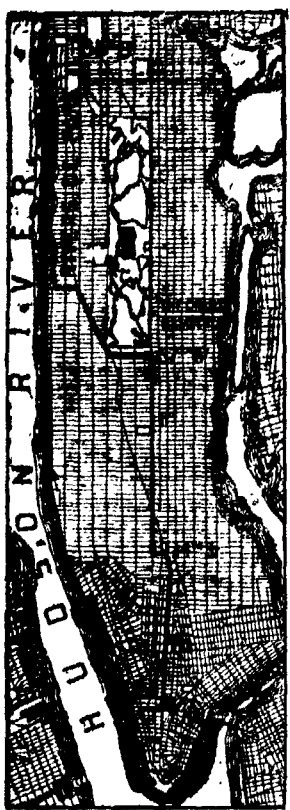
THE LAST PROCESSION.

The World Kneels Reverently at the Sacred Shrine.

TRIUMPHANT IN DEATH.

LAST HOURS BEFORE THE SHELTER OF THE TOMB.

The Natural and Spontaneous Outburst of the Popular Feeling, Reverent and Affectionate, of Millions of People, Follow Him—Funeral Notes.



ROUTE OF PROCESSION.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—The closing day of the funeral services for the remains of the late Gen. Grant dawned with a clear sky, a bright sun and a cooling breeze. A more beautiful day for the solemn services which are to mark the commitment to the tomb of all that is mortal of him whom the nation mourns could not be wished for. From the firing of the sunrise gun, the boom of the minute gun fired at stated intervals to pay tribute to the nation's dead is heard proclaiming to the people that the last and rites are under way, and before the day closes the hero of the Union will have been committed to the tomb.

The church bells began tolling, ringing in mournful cadence, and their pealing added to the general feeling of sorrow and gloom everywhere displayed. Not in the history of the metropolis or of the nation has there been such universal mourning as on this occasion, nor has there been exhibited such widespread sympathy for the family of which the nation's hero was the late head.

The streets along the route laid out for the passage of the funeral cortege are packed with people since early morning, many of whom have remained all night for the purpose of securing or holding an advantageous position, from which to view the solemn pageant, military and civic bodies marching to the beat of the muffled drum are moving to and fro hastily taking up positions in side streets leading to Broadway, and preparing to fall in their places at the sign for starting. Everywhere is bustle. The crowds are well behaved, and police arrangements so perfect that the military, Grand Army posts and other societies experience but little inconvenience in going to their assigned places.

The funeral cortege will undoubtedly be the grandest and most imposing of its kind ever witnessed in this or any other city of the globe. Fully one hundred thousand men will follow the body to the grave at Riverside park.

At precisely 1 o'clock in the morning the gates leading to the vestibule of the City Hall were closed, and the crowds which had been pouring in a steady stream of two into the vestibule and passing the catafalque received a sudden check. The line ceased moving and therein looked askance at their neighbors when word was passed by the police detail to keep them in line in order that no more would be admitted. Thousands were disappointed, and their countenances plainly expressed their chagrin. The line at the time extended clear around the park and for some distance along Broadway and adjacent streets. It is estimated fully three hundred thousand people viewed the remains of the dead general while lying in state here. So hurriedly had they to pass through that only a mere glance at the calm face was allowed.

Immediately after the close of the gates the plaza was cleared and in a few minutes the police were in full possession guarding every approach and allowing no one but the privileged to come within a stone's throw of the building in which the nation's dead lay. The undertaker at once took charge. None but the police and guards and all night reporters were present at the time.

"Any here who desire to view the remains will step forward at once," said the undertaker, and his voice echoed in the dark still corridors. All present passed by the casket and the lying in state of the ex-president had ended.

places the two lids which cover the casket. The four screws in each were turned down and the face of the dead had been closed forever from view, unless there shall in the future come a request to remove the lids. In the final examination of the burial case the undertaker found a stain of tobacco juice on the velvet coverings. With indignant ejaculations it was removed. Then the dead was left in care of the guards who stood erect and silent within the closed iron gates and beneath the black drapings.

The night was one of the gray of daylight was creeping up the east. The still air of the tomb-like corridors became heavy with the perfume of withering flowers. Near the dead a huge piece, "The Gates Ajar," had a place at the head of the casket and the sweet smell of lilacs was borne down to those who stood and watched. A great horse shoe of red and yellow rosebuds added their fragrance, and a cross and crown from Mayor Lathrop, of Baltimore, sent out its quota of heavy perfume that settled on the sepulchral air.

But there was a tribute that bore no fragrance except such as will come to the family of the dead. It bore no perfume save that which lives in its memories. This token was a plain wreath of oak leaves planned together with stems of oak and formed in the shape of a letter G. The oak in the forest of Mount McGregor had fluttered in the mountain breeze while Gen. Grant was dying, and in the afternoon of Thursday, the day he died, little Julia, his granddaughter, and little John, Dr. Douglas' child, had gathered the oak leaves in the mountain woods. The children prattled and knitted with innocent fingers, and loving hearts took the shape of oak leaves that to-day is the only tribute that touches the general's casket. The little ones' offering being finished, they had taken it to Col. Grant, whose eyes dimmed when his daughter said:

"Papa, Jose and I have made this for grandpa, and please won't you give it to him?"

The colored placed the oak wreath on the casket, then it rested there in Albany, and still remains as the children's offering.

Four o'clock had passed. The gray of dawn had deepened to red; daylight was near, the strains of dirge music crept out on the morning air. At first distant, they grew nearer and nearer. The red dimmed in the east. Sunrise was near. The drums of music, slow and sad, grew more distinct. Then blue-coated veterans of Meade post, Philadelphia, 500 strong, came tramping to the dirge music of the trumpets. The east was suffused with tints of orange and dawn was closer—the dawn of the funeral day.

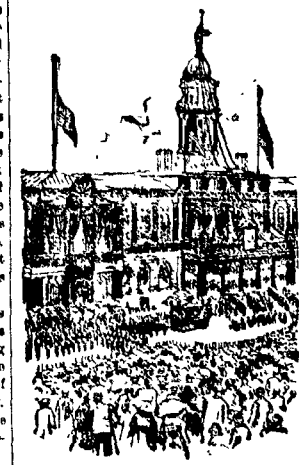
The veterans entered the plaza and marched past while muffled drums timed their footsteps. A heavy gun bounced out toward the sea. The chiming of old Trinity pealed mournful notes, and the sound of muffled drums grew fainter and died out. It was sunrise. The day was born, the last day for the dead upon earth before the tomb should be opened to shelter him.

Six o'clock and Wilson post of Baltimore marched by followed by a Chicago organization. The corridors had been picketed by fifteen police under Sergeant Nally, of the Fourth, while outside 125 more men were at rest under command of Sergeant Magan and Farley. The last guard of the Grant G. A. B. post, save the thirteen who will attend the body to the tomb, had been moved at 5 o'clock. Their names: George F. Tart, James Hands, W. C. Young, F. S. Williamson, C. E. Kenney, A. E. Cardow, A. H. Frost, John Curtin, James A. Brouson and F. Wilson.

At 6:30 Capt. Barry and men, of the First regiment, went on the plaza. Muffled drums and dirgeful trumpets marched in at one side and took positions at the east side. The players constituted the David's Island Military band.

At 8:50 Gen. Hancock and his brilliant staff trooped slowly into the plaza from Broadway, and presented front to the City Hall, then moved to the end of the plaza on Broadway, where they rested. At this time 100 members of the Laidetkranz society filed up to the steps of the City Hall, and led by four instruments, sang with impressive effect the choruses of "The Spirits from Over the Water"—SCHUBERT, and "Chorus of the Edgemoor"—TANNENHAUSER.

The guard of regulars filed into the open space at 9 o'clock. Company A, Fifth artillery, under Col. W. B. Beck, and Company E, Twelfth infantry, under Maj. Brown. The companies and guard of regulars are under entire command of Col. Beck. The regulars took position beneath the trees opposite the City Hall and stood at rest. Then came the original guard of honor that was on duty on Mount McGregor, and which alone should hit the remains to day. Filing into the corridors of the City Hall, they took their places beside the remains of the dead, and ate under command of John H. Johnson, senior vice commander of Grant post, Brooklyn. The men as they stood were as follows: Left of casket, Comrades Garwin, Howatt, McDonald, Squires, Knight and Guillem. Right of casket, Comrades Tobitts, McKeller, McNewer, Brodie, Collins and Barker.



LEAVING CITY HALL.

At 9:35 the imposing funeral car, drawn by twenty-four jet black horses in black trappings, halted on the plaza directly in front of the City Hall steps. Inside the corridor Commander Johnson was waiting. "Columns in position; right and left," was his command. The veteran guard of honor

was erect. "Lift the remains," was the next command in clear but low tones. The twelve men stooped to the silver rails with gloved hands. "March," was the word. The body moved out upon the portico which had the remains with Commander Johnson immediately at the head.

Down the steps with measured steps across the open space to the steps of the black and waiting car. Commander Johnson stepped aside. The silver mountings glistened as the burial case and its honored burden was carried up and placed upon the dies in the mounted catafalque.

The Veterans retired down the steps. The body was alone for all to view, but deeply guarded. The honor guard next to the hearse on either side took the same relative position they had maintained to the remains while being borne to the hearse. The steps were drawn away from the funeral car. Commander Johnson took his place in the center immediately behind the funeral car. At his left and right on either rear corner of the car were Comrades Downing and Ornelias, of Wheeler post, Saratoga.

Next and directly behind him there were representatives of the loyal legion. Abreast as follows: Gen. John J. Milban, Gen. C. A. Carleton, Paymaster Geo. D. Barton, Lieut. Col. Floyd Clarkson, Lieut. Col. A. M. Clark and Capt. E. Blunt. The clergy and physicians had paid respect to the remains by alighting from their carriages and accompanying them from the steps to the hearse. They then entered carriages on either side of the plaza, near Broadway, as follows:

Rev. Dr. Newman, Bishop Harris, Bishop Potter, Rev. Dr. Chambers, Rev. D. Field, Rev. Dr. Bridgeman, Rev. Dr. West, Rev. Father Doeber, Robt. Collier, Rabbi Brown and Doctors Douglas, Shady and Sands.

Col. Beck in command of the regulars commanded his companies to positions, Company A on the right, and Company E on the left of the hearse. Colored men were at the brilles of the twenty-four black horses. Sixteen men of Meade post, Philadelphia, of whom Gen. Grant was a member, were abreast directly in front of the team of black leaders, and the David's Island band preceded them.



PASSING LINCOLN'S STATUE, UNION SQUARE.

A signal was given and the line of coaches with clergy moved off the plaza to Broadway. The band stood waiting at the head of the black horses before the coach. "Move on," were his words of command, with up-lifted sword. The leaders stepped forward led by the colored men, and in an instant the black line of horses had straightened their traces, and the wheels beneath the remains were moving. The hour was 9:47.

The band played a dirge, the tramp of the regulars and honor guard beat upon the pave, thousands beneath the trees and crowding the sides of the square looked silently on, and the black funeral car rolled over the curb into Broadway.

The black corridors of the City Hall were closed. Gen. Grant's last journey was begun. Then at 9:58 Mayor Grace, Comptroller Low and Aldermen Sanger and Jochen emerged from the city building and entered a carriage that had drawn up in front. The members of the common council followed and entered carriages, as did the police commissioners. They followed out of the plaza as fast as disposed of in carriages, and when it was 10 o'clock the police lines were withdrawn, and the people streamed across the plaza without hindrance. The last scene there was ended.

The members of the Grant family, with the exception of Mrs. Grant, decided to await the arrival of the funeral procession at the Fifth avenue hotel, where they are staying. Dr. Douglas joined them at the hotel at 9 a. m. Mrs. Sartoris was deeply affected during the meeting, and sobbed convulsively as she shook the hand of the physician who bore such an important part in the closing days of her father's life.

At precisely 10 o'clock carriages drove up to the entrance and the members of the family took seats as follows: Col. Grant, accompanied by Mrs. Sartoris and Mrs. Fred Grant, took seats in the first carriage.

The second carriage was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Grant and Segnor Romero.

Jesse Grant and wife entered the third. In the fourth were Mr. and Mrs. Cramer. The next carriage contained Gen. Crosswell and wife, and was followed by Potter Palmer and Mr. Honore.

In another and last carriage were Mr. Morton and Mr. Drexel.

At 10:30 a. m. President Cleveland appeared at the entrance of the hotel and immediately entered his carriage. He was accompanied by Secretary Bayard. The president was dressed in a plain black suit, black high silk hat and carried an umbrella.

So sluggishly did the procession move that the funeral car did not reach Twenty-third street until 1 o'clock, and President Cleveland having become tired of waiting, left his open carriage and returned to his room in the hotel, accompanied by Secretary Bayard. Vice President Hendricks followed their example soon after and retired to his reception room on the first floor, where he was soon surrounded by a crowd of friends. The president's example was followed by many others who were in carriages, and who stepped upon the sidewalk, and Twenty-fifth street for a time contained a gathering composed of the leading generals and statesmen of the country.

During the passage of the procession the desire to see the grand and imposing pageant was so great that many of the occupants of the carriages, which were to follow the funeral car, clambered up and stood on top of the coaches or occupied the seats of the drivers. At 12:30 p. m. President Cleveland ap-

peared at a side window of the second story of the hotel and gazed long and earnestly at the vast crowd assembled in the street and in Madison square.

After another long halt the procession again began to move forward, whereupon the president retired from the window, and when the funeral car approached he resumed his seat in his carriage.



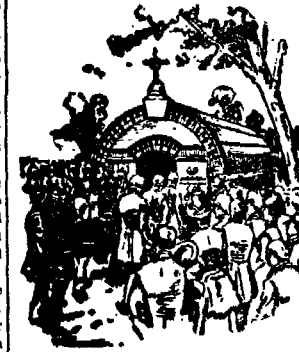
THE PROCESSION UP BROADWAY.

At precisely 10:15 Gen. Hancock reached the head of the column, which was then at Twenty-third street and Broadway. Riding along the whole line of formation from the City Hall on his coal black charger in front of his brilliantly uniformed staff, he was the cynosure of all eyes.

He rode with easy grace and as the people caught sight of the commanding figure of Gettysburg they were inspired with expressions of admiration which were only partly suppressed by the solemn character of the occasion. On arriving at the head of the column the general issued the order to march, and the mournful cortege began to move, wending its way slowly up Broadway to the solemn music of the bands en route to Riverside Park.

The naval vessels in the river opposite Gen. Grant's tomb had their ensign flags and pennants at half mast. The fleet was composed of the Despatch, Powhattan, Omaha, Swatara, and Alliance. The first mentioned was Rear Admiral Joutet's flagship. The president's flag was displayed at half mast on the flagships until sunset. All the vessels have their yards, gaffs and lower booms cock-billed.

On the fore and mizen-masts of each vessel the starboard yard arms were topped up and on the main-masts the port yard arms were topped up. Just as soon as it was learned the procession had started the Despatch fired twenty-one minute guns. As soon as the Despatch ceased firing the Powhattan and the other vessels fired twenty-one minute guns each in succession. At sunset the ships will have down colors and square yards.



DEPOSITING REMAINS IN TEMPORARY TOMB.

On the arrival of the head of the procession at Riverside park, the various divisions, except such companies detailed to take part in the final ceremonies, dropped out of line and turning into the by streets slowly retraced their steps to the place for disbanding. An immense throng has gathered here, and it was with difficulty the police kept a space clear for the military and civic organizations which had dropped out of line to move off into the various ways diverging from the main body.

The regulars took up positions on each side of the temporary tomb and awaited the arrival of the funeral car bearing the casket. All approaches to the park were narrowly guarded by the police and none but participants allowed to enter.

The body arrived at the grave at 2:15, and burial rites of the G. A. R. were performed. Dr. Newman followed with the reading of the burial services of the Methodist Episcopal church for the dead. There was no address. Dr. Newman and Bishop Harris officiated. The services were preceded by the ritual of the G. A. R. conducted by a detail of fifteen comrades from the Geo. G. Meade post, No. 1, of Philadelphia. The members of the family and pallbearers then withdrew and the coffin was placed in the cedar "shell" by the undertaker and his assistants. The lead lining was soldered together and the top of the box fastened on. It was then placed in the steel case within the vault, which was securely riveted.

The undertaker and others then withdrew, and the salute was fired, which concluded the final ceremonies.



THE SITE FOR GRANT'S TOMB.

Gen. Grant's Birthplace.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 10.—Shortly after 8 o'clock the whole town of Moscow, O., headed by W. R. McMath, commander of the Zeno H. Scott post of the G. A. R., after hearing the preliminary exercises at the lodge room, which were presided over by Comrade Whitfield, wended their way southward to Point Pleasant. Point Pleasant being reached, there were found grouped around the old Grant residence the remnants of a battle scarred legion that twenty years ago fought the battles that saved the republic, and they are evidently long-lived fellows. Zeno H. Scott post, of Moscow, reported ninety comrades, and they were backed up by the New Richmond, Amelia, Robinson and sundry other posts from Cincinnati, including George H. Thomas post, in all there were nearly four hundred comrades, and including outside visitors, there were about one thousand three hundred persons present when Col. Whitfield, the orator of the day, delivered one of the finest orations that in the writer's miscellaneous experience, has been delivered in the annals of the Grand Army.

The speaker's stand was pitched in the center of the only street in the village and abreast of the rejuvenated buildings that many years ago sheltered the infantile frame of the hero whose death they were mourning.

The program of exercises was very simple, and consisted of a voluntary by a choir of twenty young ladies from Moscow and Point Pleasant; ritual service by W. R. Watson, chaplain of the Moscow Post; address by Colonel S. A. Whitfield and sundry reminiscences of their dead comrade.

In addition to the ceremonies held at Point Pleasant, there were others held at New Richmond, Batavia and Amelia, which, of course, prevented the attendance of many who would otherwise have been present at the birth-place of the deceased ex-president. There is one thing certain, and that is the oration delivered by Col. Whitfield will be treasured by its hearers, not only from the manner in which it was delivered, but from the meritorious and intrinsic value of his work.

At Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 10.—The appearance of the city everywhere indicated that its Saturday routine had been laid aside. Stores, railroad offices, banks, courts and public offices were closed, and their employees were upon the streets making the most of the unlooked-for holiday. With sunrise began artillery salutes from the hills, continued throughout the day, and to the reverberations were added the tolling of the fire-bells.

Music Hall, where the services were held, was draped, not in profusion, but in magnificent taste. Pendant from a central point well up on the front of the building were four long black streamers, spreading to the right and left, the two outer ones holding the ends of a banner of white bearing the words:

"The nation mourns her greatest son."

In the rear of the hall, across the face of the balcony, was a device having on it the legend:

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest."

By all their country's wishes blessed!"

Some time before dark the people began wending their way toward Music Hall. At quarter-past seven nearly one-third of the chairs were filled, although the services were not to commence for some time later. Ushers in full dress met visitors at the door and conducted them to seats. To all who came was given a souvenir program, ornamented upon the front with scenes illustrative of prominent events occurring during the life of the dead general. In the upper corners were shown the surrender of Buckner at Fort Donelson and of Gen. Lee at Appomattox. Beneath, in an artistic wreath, was a Grant portrait, and below the portrait was a picture showing him being sworn into the presidency by the chief justice in the presence of the senate and house of representatives.

After tedious waiting, and long after the appointed time, the grand army posts, under command of Gen. Thomas L. Young, appeared and filed upon the stage, where, for nearly an hour and a half, the one occupant, Col. Guthrie, one of Cincinnati's venerable heroes, had been seated. The stage was soon crowded with veterans, militia, invited guests and the executive committee.

The order of exercises began at half-past 8, and were as follows: Organ solo—Sigfried's Death March, Wagner. Prof. Andrew. Prayer, Rev. I. W. Joyce, D.D. Oration, Gen. Edward F. Noyes. Memorial Service, Grand Army of the Republic. Hymn—Nearer My God to Thee, Miss Anna DeBeck. Benediction, Rev. John H. Ely. After the organ solo by the professor and prayer by Rev. Mr. Joyce came the oration by Gen. Noyes.

In Brooklyn.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 8.—There was a general suspension of business in this city. All the stores upon the principal streets were closed. The majority being tastefully draped in mourning. All the public offices, the courts and nearly all the factories, were closed. After the Thirtieth, Fourteenth, Twenty-third streets, and Forty-seventh streets and the Grand Army posts had left the city for New York, the city seemed deserted, for nearly everybody had either crossed the bridge or by the ferries, in order to get a view of the great funeral procession. Superintendent Martin of the bridge, had made every arrangement and taken all precautions to prevent a blockade or accident, but by 9 o'clock there were several cars crowded with people, waiting their turn to cross, and the services of the police were called into requisition to keep the crowd outside the entrance in line. All the flags in the navy yards and on the receiving ship Vermont, were hoisted at half mast, and salutes were fired at regular intervals from the ordnance dock.

At West Point.

WEST POINT, N. Y., Aug. 8.—Gen. Morrill has issued orders that when the procession in New York moves the caissons shall parade in front of the superintendent's quarters, where all officers not on duty with troops will also assemble in full dress uniform. The orders of the war department will be read, after which all laborers for the day will cease. Thirteen guns were fired at day break, and one each half hour until sunset, when thirty-eight guns were fired.

At Saratoga.

SARATOGA, Aug. 8.—Grant memorial services were held at the Washington Street Baptist church. The church was crowded, services were led by Dr. B. T. Agnew, of Philadelphia. Addresses of ten minutes' duration were made by many other prominent divines. The Washington Harmonic society rendered appropriate music.

What Sherman Says.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—Gen. Sherman says: "The procession was the grandest sight I ever saw. There must have been at least a million persons on the sidewalks, and everybody was quiet and sedate. We are a great people."

The Monument Fund.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—The contributions to the Grant monument fund were \$6,187. Total to date, \$29,022.

FISHING WITH A WIRE.

A Novel Sport—Lassoing Trout, Suckers and Pickeral.

(For New York Sun.)

"Want to go lassoing?" asked an old fisherman at Thousand Islands. "Where?" asked the writer. "Never you mind," replied the other. "Just say the word and I'll show you some fishing that'll make your hair curl. You don't want any rod, line, or bait. No, it ain't the fish-ere plan, but you just run into Cornwall's store and get some thin copper wire and come along." The writer, ready for anything new, climbed the stairs into the store, and bought about twelve feet of copper wire, and in a few moments was facing the fisherman, and being rowed by a Canadian oarsman in the general direction of Oronotari island. "You want to rig your tools like this," continued the old fisherman, producing a roll of wire that was used so that it formed a slip-noose, and then by a length of eight or ten feet was connected by short, stiff pole or cane.

"Here's the bridge, sir," said the boatman presently, and with a rush the skiff ran alongside of the remains of a dilapidated structure that had once been a bridge between two islands.

"Now," said the fisherman, taking his wire and stepping out upon the rock, then taking his wire lasso in hand, "just keep your eye on me and take a lesson, and then you'll have the thing all right." Line in hand the judge walked out upon the shaly structure and, kneeling now, laid himself out full length upon the planks and carefully lowered his wire lasso into the water the party under instruction taking a similar position and watching the movements with a lively interest.

"Keep your eye on my wire," hoarse, whispered the fisherman. This was somewhat difficult operation, as it was very small, and resembled the color of the water below, but the channel under the bridge was smooth and clear, and in a few moments the wire noose was seen dangling in the midst of quite a concourse of fish—rock bass, chubs, an sunfish—all of whom seemed to surge the lowering wire with a lively curiosity.

The large-eyed bass examined it on a sides, then a chub, a great leaden-hue fellow ten or twelve inches long, pushed to the front, and, breathing hard, it recumbent fisherman gave the wire a slight move, and the noose slipped over the fish, another jerk, and a chub went flying through the air, followed by a rain of crystal drops, and a second later the astonished fish was floundering on the rocks with the wire las gripped about its throat. In a moment William had released it, and the fisherman rolled over, ready for another try.

"How does that strike you for fishing?"

"It's as easy as rolling off a log, and I joke of it is that the fish don't seem understand it, and don't get scarce. You see, if you slip the noose too far over the body you make a muss of for then you have the full broadside of the fish to haul by. If you just slip over the head and jerk, the fish rust up head first and his companions think he has merely jumped out of the water. Look down and see for yourself." The witness of this extraordinary performance did look down, and dropped lasso among a school of chubs that still moving slowly about, not in least alarmed by the sudden sight of their companion, and in a moment another was jerked from its native element. The novice soon succeeded in hooking one, but by the tail, and as great fish came up its struggles, beat the placid water into foam, alarmed entire fish neighborhood, and it was evident the sport was over for awh.

"That settles the lassoing for awhil while the judge, regaining his feet, "you do pretty well for a beginner," last man I brought over here got so excited that he fell overboard. But I have at least landed your fish, and you once get the fever it's holding. See, it combines the elements of kinds of fishing. You have the gr right under your eye, and it's a delicate operation to fit a wire loop just in right spot under the fish's gills. It's practice, but I can do it every time. Pickeral make the best sport. You they are long and slender, and give a fine opportunity for a display of sl I have lassoed several, but they were. Chubs are common and sunfish and rock bass are hard to get in this way. You see, they have to bodies, and there is hardly any place take hold of except between the gills. These suckers seem a stupid fish," tinned the judge, "but when you e right down to work they are on h every time."

A Welsh Funeral Superstition.

(From Free Press.)

From time immemorial there has been a strong feeling of repugnance among the inhabitants of rural parishes in Wales to burial "without the sancta." This does not mean in unconsecrated ground, but on the north side of church, or in a remote corner of church-yard. The origin of this prejudice is said to have been the notion the northern part was that which appropriated to the interment of baptized infants, excommunicated souls, or such as had laid violent hands upon themselves. Hence it was particularly known as the "wrong side of church."

In many parishes, therefore, this remained unoccupied, while the remaining portion of the church-yard crowded. White, in his "History of Shropshire," alluding to this superstition, says that as most people were buried on the south side of the churchyard it became such a mass of mites that no person could be interred without disturbing or displacing bones of his ancestors.

Japan's Productions.

(Exchange.)

The principal crops of Japan and annual products are as follows: 1,196,000,000 bushels, wheat 11,000 bushels; barley, 49,121,000 bushels; maize, 1,320,000 bushels; soy bean 11,576,000 bushels; buckwheat, 10,000 bushels raw cotton, 10,000,000 bales; hemp 1,483,000 cwt.; sugar 84 cwt.; tobacco, 3,244 cwt.; sugar 1,190,000 cwt.; potatoes, 17,000 cwt.; bark of paper mulberry, 50 cwt.; indigo leaves, dried, 2,500 cwt. The exports are annually \$3,000,000 or nearly \$4,000,000 per annum on island. The imports are \$25,000,000 annually.

LOCAL NEWS.

FROM LAST SATURDAY'S DAILY.

—Dino Odell was over from LaRue today.

—The banks closed at two o'clock this afternoon.

—Joseph Byers was in Prospect today on business.

—An Fulton came home from Chicago yesterday, to spend a few days.

—The court house tower begins to lean up. It is now six feet higher than the building.

—The pipes for the conveyance of hot air to the court house, are being laid in the alley north of Center street.

—An M. Walters, from the C. H. V. and I. switch engine, was in Columbus today, attending memorial exercises.

—On and after August 9, the N. Y. P. and O. will run their trains into Springfield and Springfield instead of Springfield Station.

—Prof Butler returned to Defiance this morning, highly pleased with his week's work with the teachers of Marion county.

—The Lake Land Company will this season purchase 1,000 tons of steel rails, and propose to have it all in the track by October 1st.

—The Weinberger has shipped from Chicago the county and gone on the road drumming the over all business for Weinberger Bros. & Co. of this city.

—Miss Silla Wolf, an aged widow of Salt Rock township, died Thursday in her 80th year and was buried yesterday in the Pleasant Hill Cemetery.

—J. P. M. O. and residing over Swanwick's store and his right hand split open in coupling at Marion, Wednesday night.

—The Mt. Vernon, Wheeling and Washington railroad was granted the free right of way across all the highways of Marion county, by the county commissioners, yesterday.

—Arrangements have at last been made and contracts will be signed in a few days, for the N. Y. and P. O. R. R. trains to run to Springfield over the I. B. and W. line from Urbana.

—Regular meeting S. P. C. A. and C. and last evening at office of G. D. Cope. After disposing of regular business a number of cases were brought before society which were duly considered and will be promptly investigated.

—An overheard conversation in front of one of our prominent shoe stores between two young ladies. First young lady—"Oh, Della, there goes Mary's husband." "Where?" "Don't you see that fellow going across the street with a beer-sucker coat on?"

—The Huber boys worked all night last night and nearly all the night before. The reason therefore was a dispatch order for a car load of engines from Wisconsin. The boys are all laying off this afternoon and the works closed, on account of memorial service.

—A gentleman came in town last evening and telephoned to his employer at Defiance that he had been robbed between Marion and Morral, Friday afternoon. He is a tin peddler, and from what he said was robbed by three men, who pulled him, pushed him down and robbed him of \$34 and took four horses from his wagon. When he arrived last evening he seemed none the worse, but the robbery, except being a little nervous and out \$34.

—The Signal Service Bureau has made a step of progress in deciding to publish weather predictions thirty-six hours in advance of the time concerning which predictions are made. This system is one which must necessarily improve with time and experience, since after a close study of years it is possible for those whose duty it is to prepare predictions to discover those exceptional factors which now and then have made their estimates of probability entirely different from subsequent realization. In ten or fifteen years more it would not be strange if those in charge of the signal service were in position to make more tolerably accurate forecasts of weather three or four days in advance, for the same already made is but the first step in an improvement which must be continuous one.

FROM MONDAY'S DAILY.

—Frank Hushberger Sundayed at Green Pond.

—A choice lot of fancy creamery butter at Hark & Son's.

—Paddy Larrel of Dayton was in this city over Sunday.

—Miss Alta Webster, of Kenton, was visiting in the city.

—Miss Will Randolph is in Huntington on a week's vacation.

—Miss Dickinson is now employed at the C. & A. freight office.

—Miss Mary Pencer has arrived from Chicago, the guest of her mother.

—No Clark and Will Duzenberg Sundayed at Richwood and Green Bend.

—I and I went down to Prospect this afternoon to commence work in that city.

—Miss Miller returned home from California and other points in the West, last night.

—Miss I. Baker of Van Wert, spent Sunday at G. Allen's on West Center street.

—I and I returned from Boston Monday and is spending a short time in Marion.

—Miss I. Korman went over to Richwood to drop up the cigar trade in that city.

—H. H. Hane and Dan Weeks bicycled to Richwood Springs and Richwood yesterday.

—Miss H. F. V. and Miss C. Norris and Miss I. Tristram went to Delaware today on business.

—Misses Harry Moore and Alfred Harkins of Marionburg, O., spent Sunday in this city.

—Misses Kate Pencer and Miss Clara Pencer of Cleveland yesterday on a week's visit.

—The report that has been circulated in this town that Dennis Kane had the law is without foundation.

—J. G. Mader and John Braun, the barbers, drove to Bucyrus to spend Sunday. They had a fine ride home in the rain.

—B. Tristram is in Delaware today attending the regular monthly meeting of the Trustees of the Girls' Industrial Home.

—Jesse Dyer went to New Vienna, Clinton county, this afternoon in the interest of the Huber Manufacturing Company.

—Baggage Master Wm. Kitchell and wife returned yesterday from Watertown Wis., where they have been visiting relatives for the past week.

—Miss Ella Malcomb, of Bucyrus, accompanied by a lady friend spent Sunday in the city the guests of the Misses Gertie and Ada Wright.

—Milt Naylor and working force went to Richwood this morning to commence their part of the erection of a fine brick building in the business part of that city.

—John Essex has accepted the position of N. Y. P. and O. baggage man at this place. He is an efficient railroad man, having held the position of night operator at this place for many years.

—The stenographic report of Saturday's memorial services was taken entirely and accurately by Miss Jennie Gibbs especially for the STAR. In this case Miss Gibbs has shown a thorough knowledge of the art.

—The Ball game that was to be played between the Mohawks and Kentons next Thursday has been postponed on account of the home team not being able to secure Biddy Bishop, the pitcher for the club, as he has an engagement elsewhere on that day.

—A brick fell from the third story of the Court house one day last week and struck the Crum of an Irishman working in the trench. It cut an ugly gash in his head but did not hurt him otherwise to any extent though it is a wonder it didn't kill him.

—Notwithstanding the doleful reports about the crop prospect earlier in the season, now that the harvest is being gathered it is found that there is no danger of scarcity. In several of the wheat growing States the crop is coming in much better than was expected, and while the aggregate crop will still be below the average, there is evidently no danger of a short supply for either home consumption or any probable foreign demand.

OBITUARY.

Samuel P. Gregg died at his home on East street yesterday morning at nine o'clock, aged 43 years.

Mr. Gregg had been in good health up to August 1st. He suffered greatly during the last week. He was a kind and indulgent father and an affectionate husband, and was greatly respected by all his neighbors. Those who had formed his acquaintance during the last year feel deeply the loss of a good neighbor and citizen.

He was born in Lithopolis, Fairfield county, Ohio, in 1842. His mother was a sister of Chancy Olds, of Columbus and the famous Edison B. Olds, of war times. He had engaged in mercantile business in Bellefontaine and LaRue, and was considered as fine a salesman as could be found in the county.

He had been temperate and industrious for the past eighteen months, and was doing a good business. Those who were the most intimate with Mr. Gregg regarded him as an excellent man.

FROM TUESDAY'S DAILY.

—Mart Barnhart left today for Ashland on business.

—N. Mezger was in Prospect today on business.

—Will Dowling is at home in this city for a few days.

—Ed Wilberger went to Green Camp this morning on business.

—Number five on N. Y. P. and O. was five hours late today.

—Mrs. A. H. Khng left today for Lakeside to spend a few days.

—M. B. Chase was in Bellefontaine today on real estate business.

—The Hotel De Beckley has been relieved of its two female boarders.

—Our miller and grain buyers do not recommend threshing grain in the shock.

—The new base ball grounds are now enclosed by a fence erected for that purpose.

—Will Randolph has an express run on the N. Y. P. and O. between here and Kent.

—W. A. Sager and mother departed yesterday for a month's visit in West Virginia.

—Sam Bell is in Clinton, O., and will be absent from Marion until the latter part of the week.

—Miss Jennie Emery, of Bellefontaine, visited Miss Stella Tristram yesterday, returning home today.

—Miss Florence Hane left this morning for a few weeks visit among friends and relatives in Canton.

—Dr. Wright, of Bellefontaine, was in town, attending the funeral of Samuel Gregg, his brother-in-law.

—Bucyrus Journal Mr. Geo. Cohen of Marion with his friend W. H. Hisey was at Bucyrus Thursday.

—Miss Ollie Seibert of Indianapolis, formerly of this city is visiting with her Grandmother Mrs. H. H. Berry.

—The new law books are bound up in bundles at the Auditor's office ready to be taken to the township offices.

—Dr. Walters, the Bohemian oata man, is looking for a dwelling with the view of locating permanently in Marion.

—A man living at Hyatt was killed at Powell, on the C. H. V. and T. last night while in a drunken condition.

—L. H. Hane and Dan Weeks bicycled to Richwood Springs and Richwood yesterday.

—Misses "Mrs. Nettie Strothers and Miss Edie Myers, of LaRue, spent last Sunday with Mrs. Harry Conrad."

—The Wool Growers of Marion county will hold a meeting in this city on Tuesday, August 18th, at the Hotel Marion.

—Bucyrus Journal Geo. Seefeld and Miss Oda Wright of Marion, visited Misses Zina and Mary Johnston this week.

—The Misses Callie Zachman, Mary Gayer and Lena Fisher left today for Lakeside, where they will spend a couple of weeks.

—The iron work of the county jail is receiving a coat of paint at the hand of Dan. Fritz. The appearance will be improved.

—Eb Gorton is packing his goods preparatory to leaving for Washington Territory where he intends making his future home.

—Miss Anna Newton, of Bellefontaine, who has been visiting the family of J. J. Hane, returned home today, accompanied by Miss Alice Hane.

—We have just learned that George Key, the west South street blacksmith, is laid up with a wounded leg caused by a kick of a horse which he was shoeing.

—Rev. Benjamin Lullis, Baptist minister of Radnor, is in town, attending the Recognition services of the regular Baptist church of the Mt. Vernon association.

—Several heavy excursion trains have gone North over the C. H. V. and T. to Camp Detroit at Belle Isle, Mich. The Fourteenth regiment is having a fine time.

—Miss Mame Kishler, who has been acting as saleslady at Warner & Edwards' quite steadily for some time past, is off on a vacation and is visiting at Somerset, O.

—Marion's improvement in the way of churches is unsurpassed. Not only are new ones being built but old ones are being repaired, and will make a more comely appearance.

—George Snyder, agent of the N. Y. P. and O., at Mansfield, was in the city today, accompanied by his wife, and stopped with Charley Fenton, who began railroad business under Mr. Snyder.

—The Catholics have broken ground for a new fine brick parsonage on the west side of north Main street, just south of the old building. It is to be an excellent building, costing about \$3,500.

—More is required of young ladies in society than of young men. A young man need not be beautiful, need not sing, play, or say anything intelligent. He may be positively idiotic and yet get on well in society, as is shown in numerous instances.

—John B. Gregg, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., arrived last evening to attend the funeral of his brother Samuel, but owing to the delay of a train he arrived too late for the services. He was obliged to return home this morning, his aged mother and other members of the family being in very poor health.

—Clayton Welsh is now the highest Royal Bumper in Marion. He is celebrating his birthday today and so the railroad boys joined together to give him a reminder. When the force was collected together he was given twenty-three degrees, the highest reached safely by any living candidate.

—Several young equestrians edified the residents of Gospel Hill yesterday by their many feats on the horse. There were quite a number of them and they all preferred to personate the daring and dashing Indian squaw and the girls cut many peculiar figures while seeming unconscious of being watched.

—Slugging matches seem to be the order of the day just now. Saturday night there was a regular knock down, Sunday West Marion was entertained by a lively racket and lastly a grey haired attorney and a smaller grey haired client promised to fight in public but both withdrew before blood was spilled.

—Last Saturday about thirty-five of the young friends of Miss Maggie Beatty assembled with her at her parents' residence on east South street to celebrate her 12th birthday anniversary. It was a merry party of little folks, one that they all enjoyed. An excellent supper to suit the occasion was served and greatly appreciated by the party.

—Those who labor under the impression that the law requiring partnership to register with recorders was repealed last winter should undeceive themselves. The bill only passed one branch of the Legislature. There has been a number of cases tried under this law in Ohio, where a firm has attempted to collect a bill against creditors and the courts has in each case decided in favor of defendant. Our business men should see that their firms are properly registered.

Real Estate Transfers.

E. Breiver (by sheriff) to Cora B. and E. Breiver, 100 acres in Salt Rock tp., \$6,000.

David Price (by sheriff) to Henry Ackerman, 1/2 acre in LaRue Corp., \$65.

J. D. Myers to Catharine Stahl, 4 1/2 acres in LaRue Corp., \$761.

Matilda Austin to Adam A. Austin to Lena Garfield, out lot 15 in Ballentine's 1st add'n to Marion, \$200.

G. and C. W. Leffler to Margaretha Bender, lot 1195 in Marion, \$200.

G. T. Harding to John Markey, out lot 1 in Ballentine's 1st add'n to Marion, \$1,100.

Geo. D. Delander to Mary A. Chamblan to H. E. Lyman to Florida J. Diebolt, lots 40 and 41 in Prospect, \$400.

FROM WEDNESDAY'S DAILY.

—J. K. C. Webber was over from Caladonia to day.

—S. M. Saunders was over from Richwood yesterday.

—Prof. Sover of Pittsburg is visiting at Rev. Wiant's.

—P. G. Harvey has returned from Magnatic Springs.

—Mike Stoll is in Upper Sandusky today on business.

—T. Lamson is on the sick list and has been for a week past.

—Miss Annie Porch returned to her home in Mansfield today.

—Adam Pontus, of Upper Sandusky, was in the city yesterday.

—J. W. Scott was surveying in Scott town today near Kirpatrick.

—Rev. Wiant will preach in the Evangelical church Sunday, Aug. 16th, at 3 p. m.

—Mortgages filed for the past week amount to \$3,043 and the cancellation \$3,043.

—Fred Haberman and family left today for Cleveland and Niagara Falls to spend a week or so.

—Mrs. N. Mergar and Miss Annie Holbe, drove over to Cardington today, to visit friends.

—M. M. Pool, a promising Upper Sandusky attorney, was in the city yesterday on legal business.

—Miss Jennie M. Gibbs is slightly indisposed and unable to attend to duties at the Huber office.

—The Huber folks are about cleaned out of stock, having but two threshing machines remaining.

—Mrs. W. Z. Davis, with two children, are at Chautauque Lake, enjoying its summer pleasures.

—John J. Crowley is no longer the local of the Mirror and Bro. Vaughan is doing that department himself.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Caldwell, of Bucyrus, spent yesterday visiting Mrs. C. H. Sweney on west South street.

—J. D. Bishop left this morning for Mt. Blanchard, to deliver a buggy for McMurray & Fisher, sold at that place.

—N. A. Showers is in Trumble county tending up Huber business. W. D. Whipple is in Mahoning county on similar business.

—H. D. Poock and wife, Fred Haberman and wife, Proctor Sessard and Miss Gertie Turner, spent last Sunday at Magnatic Springs.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Wright, accompanied by their daughter Carrie, left for New York yesterday to attend the funeral of Mr. Wright's brother, Pierce Wright.

—Delaware wants to bore for natural gas, but the Chronicle says the men interested in the enterprise are waiting to see whether Marion strikes it or not before drilling.

—Some unprincipled boys stole T. P. Wallace's camping tent recently. The tent was set up in Mr. Wallace's yard and by simply cutting the guys, the boys were enabled to sack it and walk off.

—Evan D. Norris, Mansfield's giant livery man, is dead. He weighed 400 pounds. His coffin measured 6 feet 4 inches in length, 3 feet 6 inches in width and 22 inches deep. It was made to order.

—The County Commissioners were in Claridon township today viewing the Hineman ditch and making an arrangement for a new bridge across the Wheatstone, about two miles south of Caledonia.

—The Fourteenth regiment returned from Detroit last evening, company G, of Richmond, changing cars at this place. The boys report fine treatment and an excellent time, excepting the bad weather.

—Twenty brakemen were discharged yesterday on the Toledo and Ohio Central, in accordance with the general policy of retrenchment. A large number of engineers, yard and telegraph men and conductors were also laid off.

—Four of the finest and largest clips of wool made in Marion county this year were brought to town and shipped this morning by G. W. Walters, D. H. Harvey, E. Coon and L. Reber who sold together. Mr. Walters had 10,779 lbs., Mr. Harvey, 7,501, Mr. Coon, 10,763 and Mr. Reber, 8,816; the combined lot being 37,919 lbs. The entire lot was bought by B. F. Louk, of Bucyrus, for 30 cents per pound, the sale amounting to \$11,375.70.

—The Harmonic Society of Marion will give a musical festival of two days, August 27th and 28th, with soloists, grand chorus of seventy voices and a great organ secured especially for this occasion. The programme the first night will include an organ concert by Mr. Carl Barckhoff, interspersed with vocal solos, etc., and the chorus and fugue composed by E. Engene Davis, the musical director. The second night will include the celebrated "Hayden Imperial Mass," with soloist, chorus and organ.

Recognition Service.

Pursuant to arrangements, at 3 o'clock p. m., August 11th, a meeting was held in the Evangelical church to consider the propriety of recognizing the Baptists of this place as an independent church. Nine churches were represented, and nine ministers and two deacons took part in the deliberations. Rev. Yale was chosen chairman and Rev. Stone, secretary. The council then heard the call read for the meeting and names of delegates were then enrolled, after which Pastor Wiant made statements as to situation, location, numbers, prospects, purposes, etc., and after a full and free expression of views, it was unanimously voted to recognize this body as the First Baptist Church of Marion. A committee consisting of Rev. Wiant, Deacon Rhoads and Rev. B. Tullos were chosen to arrange for the evening service. The chairman made report as follows, viz: Reading scriptures, A. W. Yale, Prayer, Rev. Scott, of Richwood; Sermon, Rev. G. E. Leonard, of Norwalk, O.; Recognition prayer, Rev. T. J. Sheppard, of Bucyrus; Charge to congregation, Rev. B. Tullos; Charge to the church and hand of fellowship, Rev. Huntington, of Galion; Benediction, Rev. A. J. Wiant.

Green Camp News.

EDITOR STAR: Memorial services were held last evening at the F. B. church on the life of General Grant. The church was tastefully decorated. There was a large portrait of the "dead hero" suspended in the center of the wall just back of the pulpit, around which the national colors were enfolded, and at either side were portraits of Washington, Lincoln, Jackson, Garfield and others. The following program, which was arranged to have five speakers, representing the two churches and and three societies of the place, was carried out. Mr. J. H. Martin, of the G. A. R., was chosen chairman for the evening and made a few appropriate remarks, after which was music by the choir, and then prayer by Rev. John Kibler. This was followed by an address on the "Religious Life of General Grant," by Mr. E. S. Pitt, of the M. E. church. Then C. L. Pattern, of the G. A. R. Post, spoke on the "Religious Life" of the General. After this a short description of his statesmanship was given by Joseph Wall, of the I. O. O. F. S. A. Fish, of the P. O. S. of A. camp, spoke on the subject, "Honors Abroad," and lastly was Rev. J. A. Sutton, of the F. B. church, who gave an account of the "Sickness, Suffering and death of General Grant." Music was interspersed between the several addresses. The churches and societies each offered resolutions, which were accepted by the audience. Each speaker did justice to the part assigned him.

Mr. Frank H. Stoll, of Marion, O., is to be superintendent of our public schools this next year.

Mr. H. B. Petty, west of the village, is prostrated with the lung fever.

The citizens of our place are busily engaged in putting down new sidewalks and repairing old ones.

Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Gimes, of Richmond, visited Dr. Martin and family over Sabbath last.

It is thought that the Sunday ordinance was broken here at a certain sun-noon, last Sabbath. It is probable that legal investigation will take place.

We are sorry to say that the members of our cornet band have concluded to disband.

Green Camp, Aug. 10, 1885

IN THE GERMAN CAPITAL.

The Reality of Unter der Linden—Life and Living in Berlin.

(For New York Evening Post.)

Unter der Linden has a very fine sound. The lime tree is as much like an elm as it is any other tree, and "Neath the Elms" is the idea the American can understand, and the idea "Unter der Linden" is intended to convey, and does convey, until the thing has been seen. "Neath the Elms" broad-spreading, thickly shadowing, with grass underneath upon which to stretch one's self at full length and think of all lovely things, and all this in the midst of a vast city. Let us start at once, and there make our home.

The reality is sad enough. Unter der Linden is a street, with houses, num-bora, shops, palaces, etc., about a mile long, and about 200 feet broad. In the middle is a dirt walk perhaps fifty feet wide, a row of trees on each side of it, guarded by iron rails supported in very ordinary stone posts. Upon one side of the dirt footpath are about twenty feet of thicker dirt for horsemen, upon the other side about twenty feet of stone roadway. Then come two more rows of trees, those of the roadway being in a narrow plate band. Then on each side follow ordinary street and sidewalk reaching to stuccoed shops, hotels, and palaces. The lime tree in its proper growing places is a lovely tree not very large, but large enough, with dark green and very thick foliage. There are many excellent specimens in the Tiergarten, and even in some of the squares where grass is allowed to grow beneath, seeming to require the companionship of verdure. But just where of all places they ought to grow and flourish, just there they will not—that is, at all commensurate with the expectations or hopes of those who put them out. As times will not grow, experiments are being made with other trees. Maples, elms, and horse chest-nuts have been substituted, but none of them seems hearty.

The one thing to do in Berlin just now is to see the emperor, that one may know of one's own knowledge—so far as eyesight imparts knowledge—his physical condition and prospects. According to my eyesight, the change since I last saw him is painfully startling. He is no longer upright, his chest has fallen away so that his orders overlap he has hardly strength to reach his hand to his helmet; his eye is dull and heavy. The newspapers speak of him every morning as being fully re-established in health and as having worked for hours the day before with his various ministers and generals. That can not be there is no more work in that head or in that hand.

And what has the Kaiser done for the people? Are there any fewer old women and little, half-nourished children working on their knees in the fields, tugging with feeble fingers at the roots and weeds, as though their lives depended on it—as, indeed, they do? And what hovers they crawl into when their day's work is done, and what they eat before they fall off asleep? All the while strong husbands and brothers are far away, watching lest a foe acquire means for revenge, and all the while, too, the emperor, "Allerhochst," is distributing medals and honors, which they have dug out of the ground for him, though they are poor, sick, ignorant, starving, and helpless. There is not a second of rest from labor for either play or prayer and what the emperor has done the nations about him must also do, or be engulfed. The strain must break soon.

Another and less solemn side of the question is the individual German any better mannered than he was twenty years ago? Is he any more cleanly in his personal habits? Is he any more likely to defer to a lady, unless he knows her name and knows that she is a countess? Is he any less of a most fearful nuisance when let loose in Switzerland? Is his scholarship less pedantic, are his ideas less vague or his language less confused, or his cooking less abominable?

There was a time just after the French war when dining in Berlin was tolerable. Of the French prisoners of course nearly the whole number knew how to cook. For some years their teachings were remembered, and obeyed, but now they seem completely forgotten. I dined the other day at the (safe) P. P. P. Each Berlin restaurant has its fixed dinner for the day, and you are expected to take it. The first thing, and a terror is the dish of hors d'oeuvres—a vast rotating platter, about three feet in diameter covered with small dishes, at least twenty in number, each dish containing a so-called appetizer. Italianischer salad, sardines, pickled herring, and all sorts of pickled things unknown elsewhere. Three Germans seated at a table next me called at the start for champagne, and took enough of the hors d'oeuvres to exhaust any non-German hunger. As to the dinner, I can not (and could not) go through with it. Everything was cooked to death, and everything was swimming in the vilest of sauces.

Above all others, Berlin is the place for work. Everybody is doing some thing, studying something. The people you meet, of whatever nation they may be, look as if they were making the best of their time, and not worrying themselves with the idea that they were too young or too old to take hold of any thing.

Arlyle. A man able and willing to work, yet unable to find employment, and thence lacking subsistence, is the saddest sight under the sun.

Jud Lafagan. Those who envy others, generally have a secret respect for them or their begrudged prosperity.

HOW TO AVERT CHOLERA.

Hints Worth Heeding. Whether the Prevention Comes or Not.

REST AT RIVERSIDE.

GEN. GRANT'S MARCH TO "ETERNAL HEADQUARTERS"

Picture of the Funeral-Lying in State at New York-North and South Camp Hands Above His Coffin.

(Special Correspondence.)
New York, Aug. 8.—The mortal remains of Ulysses S. Grant rest at last in the spot selected by his wife, Riverside park, on the Hudson. Our readers have had this lovely and picturesque place fully described. The funeral services, which have been proceeding step by step in solemn pageant for nearly a week, ended to-day at Riverside.

Fully 75,000 people viewed the general's remains at Albany. A committee of 100 citizens of New York met the body at the capital city and escorted it to the metropolis. Minute guns were fired all the morning at Albany, and continued while the train moved out through the suburbs. Bells tolled from a dozen church steeples. This feature of tolling bells attended the progress of the funeral throughout. At New York the wail and mournful sound was heard at intervals from Wednesday till Saturday.

THE OLD BELL.
One of the New York bells has a history that is worth mentioning. The corporation of the Collegiate Reformed Dutch church has three places of worship in the city. In all these the bells were tolled at sunrise, noon and sunset, daily while Grant's body lay in state at city hall, and while the funeral pageant was passing to Riverside. One of the churches is at the corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-eighth street. The bell in its tower was cast in Amsterdam in 1781, and presented to the church in corporation by Col. Abraham De Peyster, for the use of the Old Middle Dutch church, which stood at Nassau and Cedar streets on the ground now occupied by the Mutual Life Insurance company's building. The bell rang on July 9, 1870, when the Declaration of Independence was read at the head of each brigade of Washington's army, then stationed in this city, and on July 4, 1870, the day of reopening of the church for divine service after its desecration during the revolutionary war. It was tolled at Lincoln's funeral.



FUNERAL TRAIN PASSING WEST POINT

West Point was perhaps the spot of the world the general loved most in his lifetime. A curious incident happened here. As the train bearing his dead body came in sight of the well known hill a straight bolt of lightning shot down to the earth out of the dark cloud in the background, and seemed to plunge into the topmost point of a distant hill in the distance. The train had now slackened up to a pace of not more than three or four miles an hour. All eyes were turned upon the spot (Gen Grant loved so well, and on which he had so recently looked for the last time. The white dresses of groups of ladies could be seen through the dark foliage of the academy grounds, and a moving to and fro which indicated an unusual stir, but no sound or hint of a gun was heard. Suddenly, when the train had got within its own length of Garrison's station, a puff of white smoke came from the landing at the foot of the road leading up to the grounds, and in two or three seconds there came the heavy boom of a gun, followed quickly by another and another, until in all the Federal saluta of thirteen had been fired. Long before this was over, however, the train had reached the station, and there, drawn up in a line that was straight to a hair's breadth stood the corps of cadets in their gray coats and white trousers, holding their guns at present, their eyes looking straight before them, and their erect, athletic forms as motionless as the ground on which they stood. In the center of their line the color-bearer stood with the colors drooped and wrapped in craps. At their left, drawn up in another line, stood all the officers of the post in full uniform. The last of the thirteen gunshots a passing echo after the train as it rounded a curve out of sight, and then almost instantly the storm that had been apparently following the train on all its journey down broke with such fury as to shut out at once from sight the opposite shore of the river.

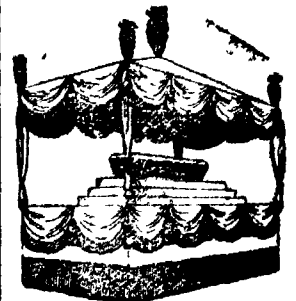


A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

During the journey from Albany to New York not a bell or whistle sounded on the train. The reception of the body at the Central station at Forty-second street, and the subsequent march down to city hall constituted as imposing a spectacle as is often seen. It was attended with all the splendid insignia and ceremonial of a military funeral. The final procession itself on Saturday was not more magnificent. A tremendous rain storm burst just as the parade began, but none regarded it. The steady regular troops and the dainty National Guard alike stood under the terrific flood of water as if it had not been.

A line of mounted police cleared the way down Fifth avenue, then, riding alone in a hollow half-square, came the command of the military department of New York Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock, the hand somest man in America. He was in magnificent uniform, and mounted upon a beautiful horse. Involuntarily one thought of

his famous ride down the lines at the battle of Gettysburg.



THE CATAPALQUE.

Then came his staff, mounted, noble looking men. After them followed some companies of United States artillery, with six field pieces. Then came United States marines. After these were a brigade of regiments of the New York National Guard. Then was what all were looking for, the funeral car itself. It was so tall that the top of the waving plumes interlarded with the telegraph wire. To prevent this, men carrying a long black pole walked beside the car, and raised the wires while it passed under. Upon its top, in open sight, was the coffin. It was covered with blue silk velvet, and had silver handles.

The car was drawn by twelve black horses. They were covered with a web-like black stuff that draped them in mourning. Walking at the head of each was a colored groom in black. The faithful veterans of the G. A. R. guarded their beloved dead commander as they had guarded the last hours of his life. Just in front of the caisson were two men in military uniforms, one read our illustrated letters would have had no difficulty in recognizing the occupants to be Dr. Douglas and the doctress, Parson Newman. Behind the car were carriages in which the same readers would have discovered Col. Fred Grant, the colored attendant, Harrison, and others. Col. Fred Grant is a very fine looking man. After them came other New York National Guard regiments. They wore fancy uniforms of red coats and white trousers, white coats and colored trousers, etc., with spiked helmets. Among them was the New York Seventh. Its uniform is gray coat, white trousers and white helmet. These regiments are among the flower of American militiamen. Their drill, uniforms and fine physique attracted general attention. Regimental bands played solemn music all along the line.

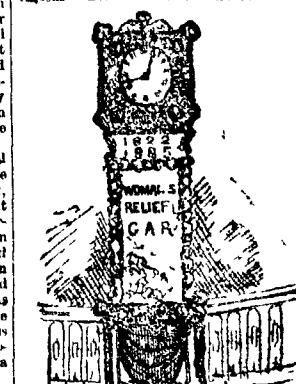
DEcoration at City Hall.

The coffin rested upon the same support that had upheld it at Mt. McGregor. At the head was a magnificent floral piece. It was seven feet wide and nearly ten feet high. In the center was an immense broken column, composed of asters, hollyhocks, pond lilies, gladioli and white and Maroon Nial roses. Upon it were perched three white doves, just fluttering as if to begin a winged flight. Hanging from the columns



A FLORAL PIECE

was a large shield of red, white and blue immortelles, flanked on either side by an American flag of the same flower. Beneath the shield was a wreath of purple immortelles, bearing the letters "U. S. G." immediately above a sheet of wheat, and a sickle. At the left of the base stood an urn, about four feet high, made of stems with handles of purple immortelles. It was filled with lilies. Just at the foot of the urn was a broken sword of Marshal Niel roses and a pen of white roses. At the right of the base was a large anchor of hollyhocks and in the center of the base, near the bottom was the coat-of-arms of the city worked in various flowers. This tribute was



THE WOMAN'S TRIBUTE

In the center of the balcony above the grand staircase, was a floral piece, modeled in imitation of an old fashioned clock. Beneath the dial worked in immortelles, was the date "1823" the year Gen Grant was born, and the dial hands were stopped at 7:08. On the pedestal box was worked in purple and white flowers. Women's Relief Corp. G. A. R. The hands were stopped at the hour and moment of Gen Grant's death, July 23. Beneath the clock was the beautiful (time) bust of Grant that was modeled by Rupert Schmid of Munich last April. At the foot of the coffin was another floral piece presented by the Loyal Legion.

THE BODY

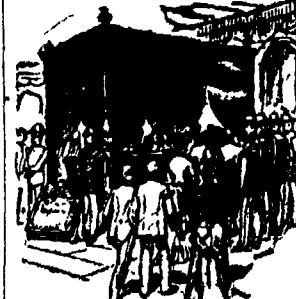
You have seen in the news dispatches repeated allusions to the "naturalness" of the dead general's appearance. Do not believe it. The terrible wasting illness had reduced him to a skeleton. His face was painfully pinched and discolored. It was livid. Something of the pits we look it had worn in those weary last days was still upon it. The ghastly look of decay was rendered still more frightfully apparent by the marble dust which from time to time the undertaker sprinkled upon the face and hands to destroy that very effect. In gaze upon the dead face of the soldier beloved of the Union was a recollection which, with some will perhaps last a century. But it was a painful sight.

The general was clad in plain black civilian's dress. Upon his breast he wore the G. A. R. badge and the badge of the Loyal Legion. Those were his only decorations.

THE CROWDS.

Never before have such numbers been

gathered in New York. When 6 o'clock Wednesday evening the gates were opened to the public in city hall. They were closed only from 1 o'clock in the morning till six, from that time until the burial on Saturday. Friday night at 10 they were closed for the last time. The purple plush-lined coffin lid was screwed down finally then over the dead face. Unless his own family request it, the coffin of Gen. Grant will never be reopened. And from Wednesday evening, Aug. 6, till Saturday morning at 1:30, 30,000 persons had viewed the remains. At least they caught a glimpse of a blue velvet coffin. The police hustled them with indecent haste. I suppose it could not be helped, but the throng simply whined past on a dog-trot. If one paused while you could draw a breath, a policeman seized his arm and ordered him to move on. This may have been necessary, but there was no satisfaction at all about it. The line that waited, even passing at this lightning express rate, was almost unbelievable. It



LYING IN STATE AT CITY HALL.

was four deep, and at times extended over a mile in length. Shrewd speculators turned a dishonest penny by snuggling people up through the basement doors in city hall.

"Well," says one easily-looking customer with a sigh of satisfaction, "this ain't been bad to-day."

He didn't know a newspaper man heard him.

"I stood in with the police," said he, "and gave written orders to have people passed up ahead of the line. I charged them a dollar apiece. I let a few through for fifty cents."

"And how many did you pass?"

"Ninety-seven. But I got to watch up with two or three policemen, and so I only got \$40 for my day's work."

Each midnight the police went along the upper end of the line dispersing the throng, telling them it was no use, that they could not get within squares of the city hall before 1 o'clock. And every morning, when the gates were opened at 6, the vast line was already formed and waiting. The most crowded, too, it was that was gathered. Every degree met every other here in the dead presence of America's greatest and best. Little Italian gamblers from the slums, with their bristling black beads, tattered shirts and pantaloons hanging by a suspender, jostled the dainty, perfumed duke. There were the aged, the crippled, and women with babies in their arms. Grand Army veterans were shot past with the rest, with not even a glance at the face of their dead commander, and moved down the steps and outside, wiping the tears from their cheeks. The people entered by the south, or front door, still passed straight through the hall and out at the north door.

The death of the beloved, lamented soldier will be one more link that draws together in unity and kinship the northern and southern sections of this Union. They were not all hypocritical, those demonstrations of regret and sympathy in the south, from Texas to Georgia. You know that by the names of the high minded, brave men who sent their condolences from the south to Mrs. Grant. You know it by those who were pall bearers at Gen. Grant's funeral.



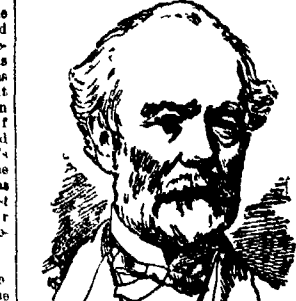
THE PALL BEARERS.

They were Gen. Wm. T. Sherman, Lieut. Gen. Phil Sheridan, Admiral D. D. Porter, Rear Admiral J. T. Worden, Gen. Joseph F. Johnston, Virginia, A. J. Drexel, Philadelphia, George B. Boutwell, Massachusetts, George W. Childs, Philadelphia, John A. Logan, George Jones, Oliver Hoyt, Gen. Simon B. Buckner.

Joseph B. Johnston and G. B. Buckner clasped hands across the blue-covered coffin with Teunish Sherman and Phil Sheridan, and together they looked down upon the dead face of the soldier of the Union, him who was the first of all to say:

"LET US HAVE PEACE."

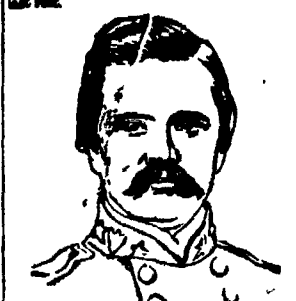
Here were Sherman and Johnston, the two great enemies who closed the war. What a scene this must have been to them! Fifty ex-Confederate soldiers took part in the Grant funeral procession and carried him to Chicago.



GEN. JOSEPH B. JOHNSTON

Only three of the old war governors are left in the north now. More than half the governors on both sides are gone over to the majority. Joseph B. Johnston, the ex-Confederate general, is now nearly 80 years of age. He was born in 1807. He was an aide on the staff of Gen. Winfield Scott forty years ago. He is a native of Virginia, but since the war he has lived at Savannah, Ga. Johnston surrendered to Sherman, and they met as pall bearers to Gen. Grant. But there is a circumstance that is still more remarkable in connection with this funeral pageant. At Fort Donelson Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner surrendered to Gen. Grant under the famous terms of "Unconditional surrender." One of the floral emblems worked in immortelles in city hall bore this very motto. Now Grant

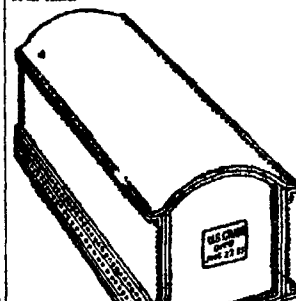
himself has surrendered to the last great foe, and Gen. Buckner attends him to his last rest.



GEN. S. B. BUCKNER.

One fact in Gen. Buckner's recent history is not widely known. During Grant's recent financial disaster he received a letter from Gen. Buckner sending him a loan of \$10,000. The money was sent in the most delicate manner, with an intimation that it need not be returned except quite at the general's convenience, and that the master was wholly prostrate. It was not known till Gen. Grant's death.

Last week we gave a picture of the steel casket which was to protect the sacred remains from body snatchers, with a description of it. The description was accurate at the time. But three days before the funeral, for some reason, the casket already nearly completed was suddenly cast aside and another one started to be made. Fifty men worked at it night and day to complete it in time.



THE SECOND GROUND-PROOF STEEL CASSET.

Both were made at the Franklin Iron works, Troy, N. Y. The new casket was made of chilled steel, one-half inch thick, from Danville, Pa., with warranted strength to resist a strain of 60,000 pounds.

From city hall to Riverside the procession marched—nine and a half miles. It was a terribly wearisome march to the footman. About 41,500 had place. Undoubtedly it was the most imposing funeral that ever took place in America.

Veterans of the Grand Army Grant carried the coffin of their dead captain down the stone steps of the city hall and up the black-covered wooden steps to the lofty funeral car. At 10 minutes before 10 o'clock this dispatch was sent to every corner of the Union:

"Gen. Grant's casket now in catafalque. The procession starts."

Ambulances accompanied each regiment to gather up those who fell by the way. Among the spectators, however, men, women and children now and then were overcome. These were lifted into the ambulances and carried off.

It is doubtful if so many noted men will be together again in the present generation. President Cleveland and his cabinet were there, and the vice president and Secretary Bayard rode alone in a carriage drawn by six bay horses.

Many in the crowd were inquiring for Gen. Sherman. "Where is he?" he is not on horseback," people asked one another in whispers. Exactly this question was asked of a general of the army by a friend a day or two before. "On horseback!" retorted the general, laughing, "you don't know Sherman. He is much more likely to put on a linen duster and straw hat and sit hunched up in a hack." So it proved, or almost so, for the grim and Democratic old fighter did ride in a carriage along with the other pall bearers, though not in a linen duster. He was dressed with gold, and no man's uniform was worn with more grace or better effect than he wore his.

At intervals, after the procession started, the man-of-war anchored along the Hudson fired salutes. Minute guns boomed over the waters.

Coverings of twelve states were in the procession.



THE PALL BEARERS.

They were Gen. Wm. T. Sherman, Lieut. Gen. Phil Sheridan, Admiral D. D. Porter, Rear Admiral J. T. Worden, Gen. Joseph F. Johnston, Virginia, A. J. Drexel, Philadelphia, George B. Boutwell, Massachusetts, George W. Childs, Philadelphia, John A. Logan, George Jones, Oliver Hoyt, Gen. Simon B. Buckner.

FIRING THE LAST SALUTE.

At 4:00 o'clock the funeral car reached the tomb. Bishop Harris, the oldest bishop of the Methodist church, read the burial service of his denomination. But the solemn ritual of the Grand Army of the Republic was first read. As the bishop's voice died away two little girls, Gen. Grant's grandchildren, laid flowers upon the coffin. Then the undertaker's men lifted the double coffin into the great ground-proof steel casket within the vault. They staggered beneath its weight. When this was done Col. Grant and wife led the family procession down into the vault, where they remained for several moments alone. When they emerged the iron gates were closed and looked by one of the undertaker's assistants, who delivered the key over to Gen. Hancock. Turning to Mayor Grace, Gen. Hancock formally tendered it to him, who in turn handed it to Commissioner Crimmins. It will remain in his keeping till the removal of the body to the permanent tomb.

The moment after the vault was locked, The New York Seventh regiment fired three volleys over the grave. As the echoes rolled and rumbled another regiment, the New York Twenty-second, caught up the sound and fired salutes, and another and another, till there was a roar of earthquake in the air. While the echoes died away the great throng began to disperse.

Such was Gen. Grant's march at the head of his army to eternal headquarters.

A. J. BOWEN.

FARM & GARDEN

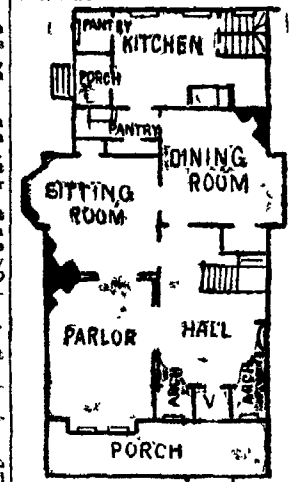
A Four Thousand Dollar House.

This week we give the home of the farmer who has followed his occupation scientifically, till he has become well off. He has studied books and papers on agriculture. He has acted on their advice, and above all followed the bidding of his own common sense and "common sense." It is now he is comfortable for life. But he does not hoard his money, or put it out at usurer's interest. He spends it on his farm and family, getting returns a hundred fold. For one thing, he has built the home you see here. The modern house is usually planned in the shape of a partial or entire circle. It is built of wood or brick, as one chooses, or it may be plastered in panels upon the outside, in the new fashion. Or it may be covered with trimmed shingles all over the outside of the walls, which is ornamental, but rather expensive. The porch is in front, with bay window at the side. Where possible, the bay window should look towards the south and east. Then it can be converted into a window garden that will make the interior look like a slice of paradise. A simple system of water piping, heated by a kerosene lamp, will keep this window garden warm in winter.



SCIENTIFIC FARMER'S HOUSE.

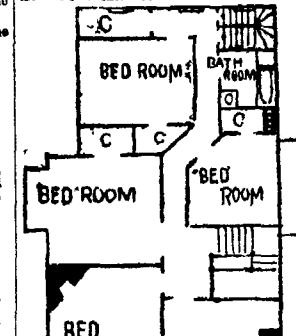
In summer, have the splendid Virginia creeper climbing the columns of the porch and shading the windows. Wire nettings are now made to put up around the window casings and walls for vines, so that they may not grow immediately upon the house itself. A house like this should be set in the midst of generous grounds to show off well. Free—beautiful maples, catalpas, oaks, etc.—should be set in the grounds, not immediately against the building, but near enough to make a pleasant shade about it. The farmer has plenty of ground, and the trees grow in his own woods. Let him think of his acres.



GROUND FLOOR.

You see here the large square hall, with staircase across it, instead of directly facing the door. The square hall and cross staircase are prominent features of the present style of house building. As in the design given previously, this hall has an open fireplace, and is furnished in a free and easy way like a room. Works of art and artistic furniture are well disposed here.

There are pleasant fireplaces in all the rooms of the first floor. The kitchen is separated from the dining room by a pantry, so that food smells will not be annoying. There is also plenty of closet room. The kitchen is large, light and airy, as it should be. A kitchen can be made as pretty and artistic as any room of a house. The one in our illustration is provided with sink, range, and all conveniences.



SECOND FLOOR.

The back stairs lead up through the kitchen. The mansion is supplied with a bath room. The hall is lighted above and below by a large double window on the landing. Five airy bed-rooms and a bath-room make up the space on the second floor.

Your Knowing Farmer.

People who know everything already ought to die at once. There is no longer any occasion for them to stay in this world, because the earth is the place to learn. That is what we are put here for.

It makes one melancholy to consider how many fool farmers there are. Of course they are not among the readers of this column. But there are armloads of them. A gentleman whose head was full of practical agricultural knowledge offered to lecture free to farmers in different parts of the country. He would go from place to place, pay his own expenses, and all the rustics had to do was to come and hear him. He had a pleasant, entertaining way of talking, too. But he could make no headway at all. The stupid hard-headed old fellows simply sneered in their blind, besotted ignorance, and would have none of him. In one place a committeeman wrote:

"It is of no use coming here. Farmers do not believe in science. If you can sing a comic song I can promise you a good audience, but as for a lecture on anything

useful, much as I may desire it myself, not believe you would have half a person."

Another said: "We have young farmers in the place, but I do believe they would attend a lecture or culture. The young people are too amusements to attend lectures or anything which require any mental effort."

One person to whom the proposition of a scientific lecture was broached, went as to reply. "If I don't know how to do, I don't want a man to learn me. What I know about farming, I do know, and I don't know I don't want to know. There you have it. What I don't do, I don't want to know."

Cooling the Cellars.

[American Agriculturist.]

A great mistake is sometimes made in tiling cellars and milk houses. The ventilation is to keep the cellars dry, but this object often fails of being accomplished by a common mistake. Instead, the cellar is made both warm and damp. A cool place should never be tilted, unless the air admitted is cool the air within, or is at least as cool or a very little warmer. The warm air, the more moisture it holds in suspension, the cooler the air the more moisture is condensed and precipitated. When a cool cellar is aired on a war the entering air being in motion, cool, but as it fills the cellar, the air which it becomes mixed with moisture is condensed, and dew is on the cold walls, and may often running down them in streams. A cellar is damp, and soon becomes mouldy at night—the last thing before there is no need to fear that the night is unhealthy, it is as pure as the air day, and is really drier. The cool air, the apartment during the night at late through it. The windows if closed before sunrise in the morning kept closed and shaded through the day, the air of a cellar is damp it may, ought to be placed in a peck line as open place. A peck of wheat about seven pounds, or in three quarts of water, and in this way or milk room may soon be dried the hottest water. A bushel of sorb twenty-seven pounds of water still appears as a dry powder. In addition it will be very useful to top the garden or lawn, or around fruit or it may be used for whitewash. Caution is often necessary in the cause of the prevalence, where air of mildews and the various forms of moulds and red knots of mold which sometimes form upon the buds a most injurious effect upon the buds.

Kansas Agricultural College.

The new states read lessons to ones not seldom. Among the most using state agricultural schools in it is that of Kansas. It occupies 21 of 171 and 100 acres. Buildings worth \$100 are erected. The stock, tools, and land of the farm are valued at \$100,000. The annual income from the endowment is \$35,000, meeting all the expenses of instruction.

This beautiful college is open to all. Tuition is free. Industries are given to young men in carpentering and other branches, and women in telegraphy, type-writing and cooking. The cooking department conducted on scientific principles. who go out from the Kansas State won't give people nasty boiled blue or green and yellow soda biscuit messes.

The course of instruction is for brains and the hands. Besides general, the working part of the course flower culture, fruit gardening, raising. Not much wonder that having ahead so bravely.

Darning.

About this time of year that I don't habitually wash myself isn't a pleasant man to live in a house with. He—he—well, the not a pleasant one, and we would closer to it. It is not what the "nice" to wear any of the same night that one does in the day. I always uncivilized, and this time is simply indecent. Wives, have your men clean, cool night garments, when the day's work is over a ready to retire, wash your bodies all over. Give yourself a good plenty of soap and water. The I will go to bed in hot weather and perspiration of the day still not fit to sleep in a bed. He is a civilized human being. No the layers of dirt that have on during the day. Then you will sweet and sleep as sound as a You will rise in the morning fresh in good temper. You will be re sold day's work with the therm in the minutes.

July Crop Reports.

Corn promises first-class, except upper Mississippi. Cut worms on the rampage rather more and there was much insective damage. The natural average of acreage of corn sown from year to year is 28 per cent. This year, owing of wheat, it is fully 6 per cent. The general average of wheat in July from 63 to nearly 65 per cent full crop. The whole wheat crop and spring seeding together, a short of 363,000,000 bushels.

Present condition of potato or The condition of cotton has advanced in June to 96 in July. A slight acreage of tobacco is sown for a fair crop. On the whole, the farmer thank the Lord and take

Things to do and to K.

The great cause of spoiled is putting up that which is fresh.

Young grasshoppers have no patience in the far west as million.

The Hessian fly has done much wheat in some of the counties New York.

A loss, neglectful master man of necessity, the same New York Tribune.

Millions of young grasshoppers peered in the southwest, and their way through things.

A New Jersey doctor thinks the town mover will give you sort of exercise they most need. It is the easiest thing in the horse world. Plant a few rows of soil and, like the poor, it will with you. But to secure fine tation, spring and the removal any measure are all essential. Large rows for another will be worthless.

Mrs. Hill, of California, has thing yet. She raises pears from which the yellows is made. She has this year 100 a She has a water mill where plants to power it. It may be that Mrs. Hill is worth \$500,000, mostly made harvest.

